



# The Corporate Guy

Steven Mark Stone



There was this young Corporate Guy,  
And all of him was neatly pressed.



All except his Walking Hat,  
Which was very old, soft and wrinkled.

He loved his Walking Hat,  
But he didn't wear this hat very often anymore.

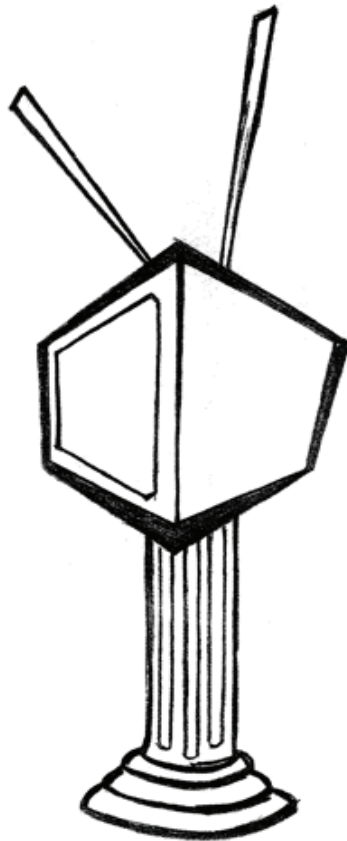


These days, he wears mighty fine, high gloss, spit shine,  
On his black wing-tip shoes, like Executives wear.





He wears a Rare Antique Watch and Designer Ties, all carefully selected,  
And a Personal Digital Assistant that keeps him Connected.



And he had a TV he called "Friend."

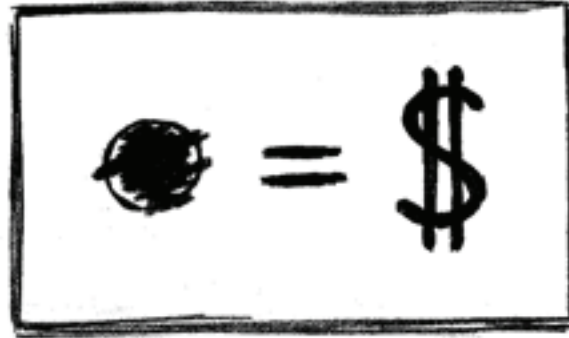
He was quite streetwise and mightily astute,  
In his Designer Tie and his Pin-Striped Suit.



He had several Pin-Striped Suits.

He was a truly Fine Looking, Well-Connected,  
Respectable and Responsible, young Junior Executive.

Schooling had been no trouble at all,  
Hardly a detour on the way to the mall.



He had shaded lots of bubbles and earned good grades.  
“Follow instructions!” school taught him, so he now had it made!

Yet, he still felt a yearning deep down in his gut,  
To work with his hands, create things of beauty and help others out.

“If the things I built could bring folks together,  
And take them out amongst nature in all sorts of weather,  
I might be more happy, and feel so much better.”

But the Corporate Lifestyle was much too grand to resist!

He worked hard on his image to have a High Profile.  
An Image was absolutely essential in the Corporate Lifestyle.

The Social Engagements were really Important!

At these Prestigious Parties he Schmoozed and he Flattered.  
But it felt inappropriate to say meaningful things that mattered.

Respect came with Money and Things that he bought.  
The more Things he had, the more Things he sought.

This is the game that he'd always been taught...

By his good friend TV.

This young Corporate Guy had lots of Keys on many rings,  
To all his Possessions and all his Things...

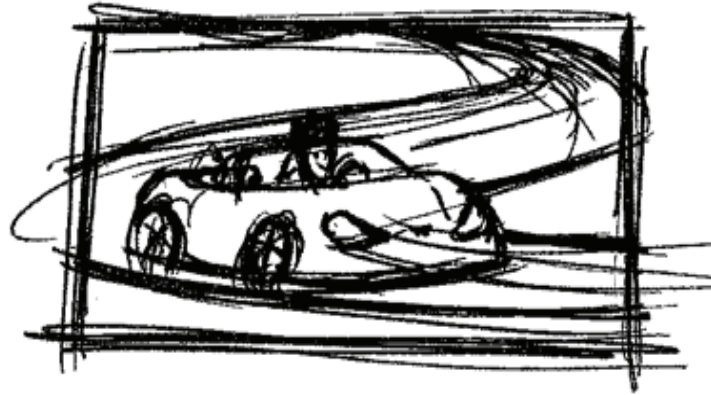


A House Key, Car Key, Office Key, and Back Door Key.  
A Storage Key, Bicycle Key, and File Cabinet Key.  
A Safe Deposit Box Key and a Motorcycle Key...

And lots more keys to other Things.  
Twenty seven keys in all,  
And even more loose keys in a drawer in the hall.

And an electric button that made his big car go babeeep, beep,  
Protecting it for him, even while deep in his sleep.

The big gold shiny key went to his luxurious new Condo—two-bedroom, six-bath,  
It was proof positive of his Track Record and promising Career Path.



His car was not just any car, but an Imported Sports Coupe.  
He felt it was a requirement of his Investment Club group.

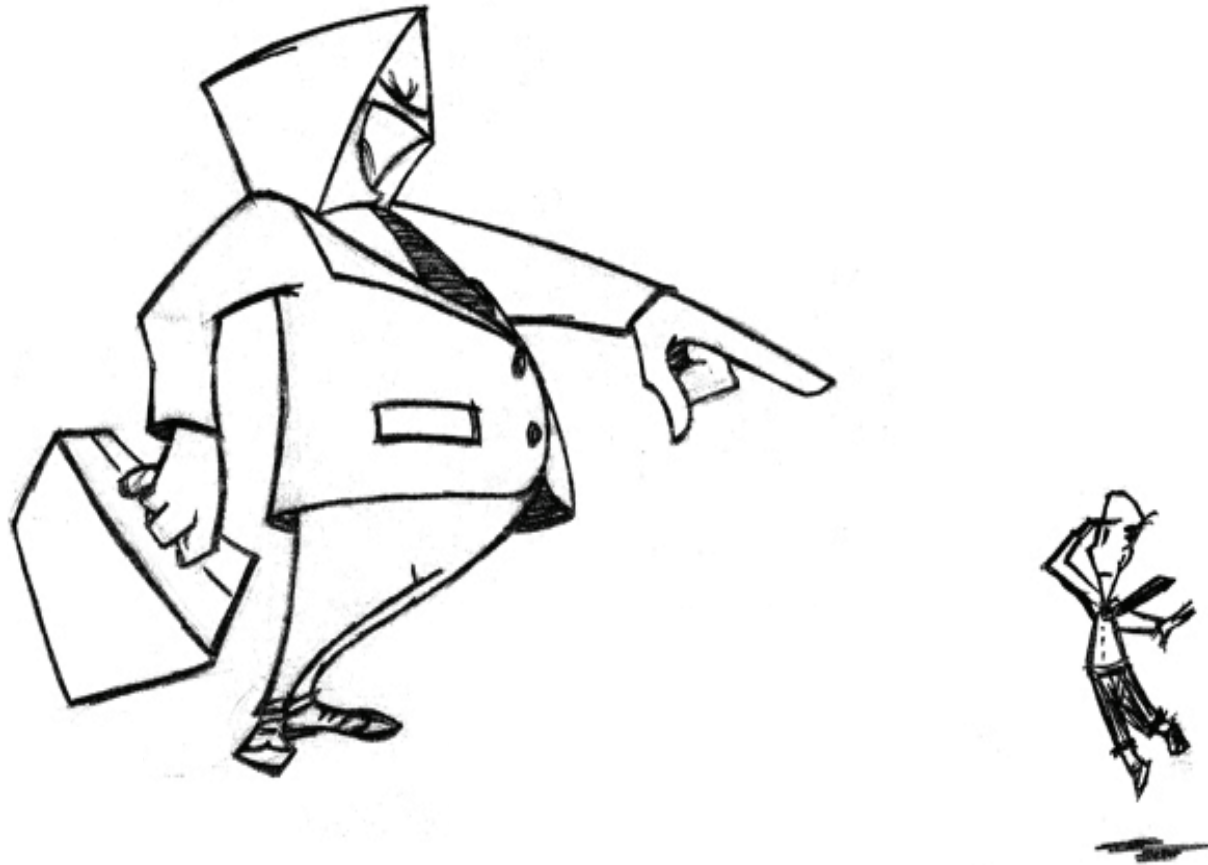
He was pretty darned proud of all these Things he'd acquired.  
He had earned them, deserved them, and they kept him inspired.

Especially his good, good friend TV,  
Who showed him the way that life should be.

How exciting life was in the quest for success!



When a Senior VP said "Jump,"  
The young Corporate Guy said "How high?," when he jumped.  
He was totally confused when corporate ethics were dumped.



The theme was Strive! Strive! Strive! And you'll make it!  
If you couldn't, or didn't, it was OK to fake it.  
(by purchasing more Things on credit)



Employee growth was not in the Corporation's plans.  
Quarterly profit was the only demand.  
Compete with a product as good as Japan.  
(and as cheap as Korea... then China... then Indonesia... then India...)

There was a mission statement to follow:  
"Grow and scale-up as fast as you could!"  
No one stopped to ask "Is fast growth really good?"

"Quantity over substance, size over meaning!"  
The whole thing had a feeling of running off a cliff, careening.

$$\frac{\text{Quantity}}{\text{Substance}} + \frac{\text{Size}}{\text{Meaning}} = \frac{\text{Careening}}{\text{Cliff}}$$

At first, the Corporate Guy was rather confused  
By what he saw in the Corporate World that he was shown.  
After a time though, he began to accept the structure,  
The rules, and even the Corporate Credo as his very own.

“One day... oh, ONE day!  
I might just make it!”

“Things will change when I make it to Senior VP.  
It will all be worth it, for then I’ll be Free”.

“And Happy”

“And Satisfied”

“And Rich!”



“Ohhhhhh! To be a big-time success!”  
He said every morning when he woke up to dress,  
And every night when he went to bed stressed.

He had a long, long dream, one night in his sleep  
About his quest to rise to the top of the heap,  
About his glorious future and the fortunes he’d reap.



He dreamed of the day he’d pull down eight figures a year!  
(Six figures no longer made the top tier).  
It would happen when he became a Rico Suave Financier.



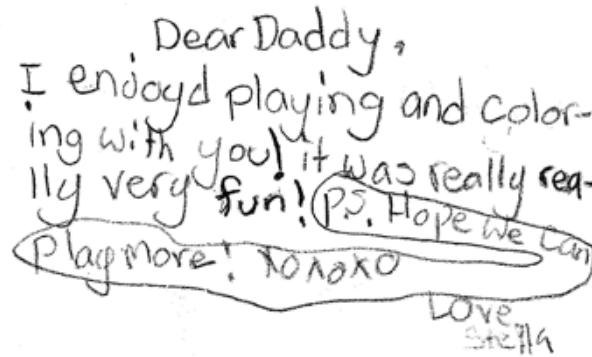
He dreamed of drinking fine champagne on his own mansion's terrace,  
Gazing into the eyes of his young blond billionaire.

He was trained by advertisements he watched on TV  
To strive for the life of a Senior VP.  
Following others' example, with an M.B.A. Degree,  
Saying "A Prominent CEO is what I want to be!"

He worked hard and long, thousands of overtime hours,  
Commuting every day to the Ivory Towers.

Faster and more Frantic, his busy schedule grew,  
A million and one and 1/2 Things-To-Do.

Frantically multitasking, doing this thing or that.  
No Time for his son, to hit balls with a bat.



Dear Daddy,  
I enjoyed playing and coloring with you! It was really really very fun! (P.S. Hope we can play more! XOXOXO)  
Love  
Stealth

Consumed by the pace, and the pressure, and Stress,  
His mind and his body felt soft from Excess.  
But he was *Important* now, his mail came Express.

For most of his years he'd hoped he might get what he wanted.  
Not 'til mid-life did he begin to feel haunted.

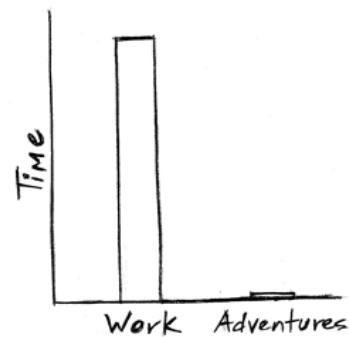
One evening as he sat in his fine leather chair,  
He looked over at his Walking Hat that he didn't ever wear.



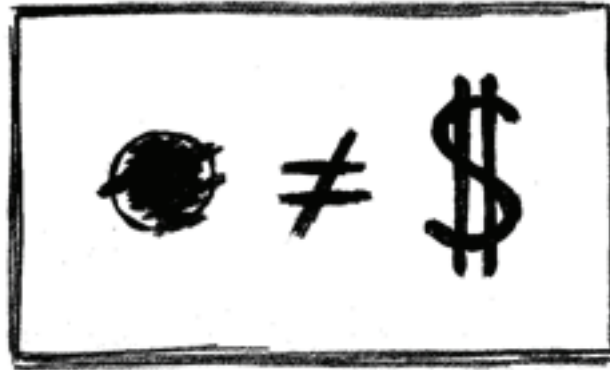
He thought back on his life, and its do-run-run fashion.  
There had just never been a deep heartfelt Passion.

Except the passion for Success and Prestige and Things.

He had once yearned for a life with adventures to seek,  
But the Vacation Policy had allowed only one week.



As he became more corporate, and the consummate host,  
As he analyzed more numbers, and became more engrossed,  
The creative people, all of a sudden, became admired the most.



The right-brain thinkers got promoted for their innovative plans,  
By utilizing their whole minds, and working with their heads and their hands.  
Left-brain number crunchers dropped in demand.  
Designers were hired and MBA's were canned.  
In this new economy, his bubble-test education made him a flash in the pan.



He put on his Hat and recalled his dreams as a child.  
His passions had been rather simple, but certainly not mild...

Connecting with friends in a meaningful way,  
Being deep within nature, closely each day.

Building wooden boats of art, romance and grace.  
These sculptures would bring folks together in a magical space.

But all those passions seemed so unreachable now.

He had gotten Caught Up in day-to-day tasks without many thrills,  
Just Making a Living and Paying the Bills.



He hadn't noticed at all that his life felt so silly.  
He'd been trying to Get Ahead, for the children's sake (really!)

It was the kids and his wife that he'd done it all for,  
So they'd have the Things he never had, and much more!

And all his children had really wanted was Time.  
Time from their father without his Distractions,  
Without his Hurries and Hassles and Business Transactions.

Just Time.

Even though he'd become SO Corporate Knightly,  
This Corporate Guy wasn't Fulfilled, not even Slightly.



And neither were any of the other Senior VPs,  
He was noticing for the first time.

The Senior VPs were all good people at heart.  
But school had taught them things...  
Like spreadsheets ranked higher than empathy and art,  
And quarterly numbers reined highest alongside bottom-line charts.

The need for higher salaries had created their plight.  
While Earning a Living, it was easy to lose sight.

He now could see, as tears welled in his eye,  
Most everything his friend TV had said was a lie.  
“Advertisements”, TV called them, to entice him to buy.  
And, with this last thought, he sat down to cry.

While yearning to be an elite entrepreneur,  
To his family, he'd been only a pin-striped blur.



And he cried as he thought of how things might have been...

Without the Rush, the Race, the Stress, Strain and Strife.  
He was lost in the seriousness, the seriousness of Life.

...Or what he had thought was Life

While he had Succeeded as a Corporate Guy,  
The Life he had dreamed of had passed him right by.

But, he felt Trapped in the System now, and he feared it was too late.  
His years of Ambition had determined his Fate.  
There was no way out now without losing the Estate.  
He must stay in the Game, collect, and accumulate.



He wanted a new life...  
But he feared the unknown that lurked outside the corporate gate.

As he held his Personal Digital Assistant in his hand,  
He thought how all his Things seemed so pointless and bland.

He loved his family deeply, but how would they know?  
It was too damn late now, to help his kids grow.

For the family part of life, you get only one shot,  
His shot was long gone—and it hurt quite a lot.



His alarm clock went off,  
And the young Corporate Guy awoke from his dream with a jerk.  
It was time to get ready to go off to work.

Jolted awake from the Material Dream,  
Things were no longer quite as they seemed.  
He was no longer so keen to Fit In the Mainstream.

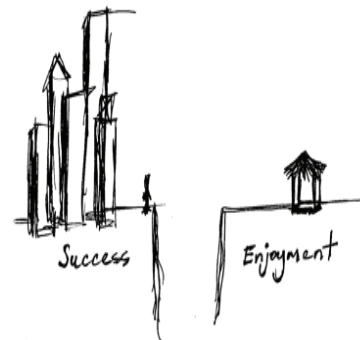
He had surrounded himself with Things designed to save Time.  
For all these Things, he had spent his last dime.

Perhaps “saving time” was a concept without merit,  
Because you can’t actually save Time, you can only spend it.



He wanted to walk, and think, for a long, long while...

About how he spent his time,  
About his future life as a Corporate Guy  
About all his Things.  
And all the Locks on all his Things,  
And all the Keys to all the Locks on all his Things.



About his quest for Success. About Life, and what did it mean,  
And perhaps it was not Success, but Enjoyment, that should be his main theme.

But he put on his Pin-Striped Suit, just like he always had  
And he went straight to the office of the Head Senior VP.  
Who said “How’s my boy, my Chairman-To-Be?”



“You know, Sir, that I’ve yearned for the grand title of Senior VP.  
I’ve envied you for it—that was too easy to see.  
You’ve been very good to me, and I’m as grateful as can be.  
But I’ve come to realize that it’s just not for me.”  
He said as he shook the hand of the Head Senior VP.

“So I’ll say my good-bye  
With a tear in my eye.  
I’m sorry Mr. Chairman,  
But I need more adventure before I can be a Corporate Guy”



And the young man strolled home,  
Knowing that his life had just begun.

He took off his Pin-Striped Suit.

He took off his Designer Tie.

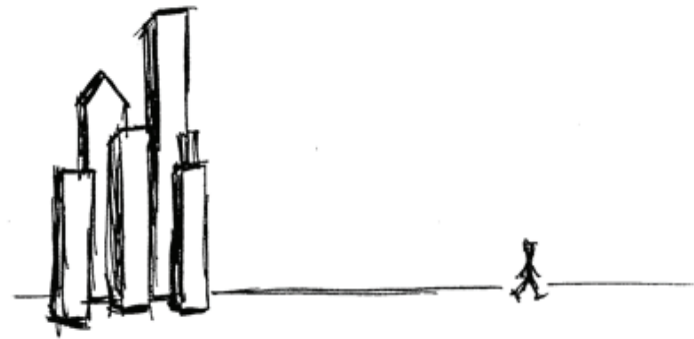
He took off his Black Wing-Tip Shoes.

He unplugged his good friend TV.

He turned off his Personal Digital Assistant  
That had kept him distracted from being Connected with his Friends.

He tossed his ring full of Keys in the Junk Drawer,  
And, knowing that there must be something much more,

He put on his Walking Clothes, and he put on his Walking Hat.





And he walked and he thought, until the world began to make sense again. 📖

## The 7 Secrets

### LEARN MORE

There are 7 Secrets to Success & Happiness woven throughout The Corporate Guy manifesto. Click [here](#) to learn more about the 7 Secrets.

### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Steve Stone is a Business (re)Designer and noted speaker on the value of creativity and innovation within education and business. His next book is titled *The Big City Girl*. Visit his site at [www.StevenMarkStone.com](http://www.StevenMarkStone.com).

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